

Seaboard Nov. 27. 1842

Dear Friend:

Although I am going to town  
tomorrow afternoon I think I may as  
well send in these two articles for  
the Liberator in the morning that  
you may see about how much matter  
there will be provided. I shall bring  
in another article, not as long as  
either of these on Mr. Graham's book,  
with me in apt<sup>ts</sup> - and that ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup>  
be all you must expect from me  
this week. I do not like to add to the  
confusion which prevails in King  
Agament's Cant, of which Caroline  
gave me a graphic sketch when  
she was here, but I don't know what  
else to do. I trust you have been  
trapping up some nice little dishes  
to serve as entremets, as well as more  
substantial dishes - for I can't for the  
life of me provide anything so heavy  
as a substantial dinner

You need not be ~~surprised~~ <sup>astonished</sup> should  
you see an ill-looking chop walk  
into 39 Summer St. about tea-time  
tomorrow afternoon & go loafing into  
the bread & butter - but still, as Dr.  
Dorsey says "all things are doubtful".  
After I left you I went to Wendell's  
& found sure enough that the man  
was sick in bed. I then went to  
Mr. Lathrop's to see whether Lathrop  
could be had for Deacon this evening -  
but found it impossible. Our first plan  
was to pine up the meeting till Wadde  
could come - but our sober second thought  
induced us to hold it notwithstanding  
& do as well as we could - & then  
perhaps adjourn for a week or yet w.  
then if possible. I have been writing  
resolutions for it this afternoon which  
if perfect without much alteration  
I trust will adorn the pages of the  
next Liberator. You shall

have an account of the same  
tomorrow. Collins is to be here  
this day week. I forgot to tell you  
last Friday that Waterston assured  
me that Loufellow has a volume  
of Anti-Slavery Poems in the Press.

I am forming sundry desperate sen-  
-timents touching my article for the  
Bell - & trust that they may  
lead to some desperate act.

Adieu well. No more at  
present (except the love  
which Mr. Knibbly well says  
nobody ever remembers)

from your loving friends,

Edmund Quincy.

P. Lacey  
1842

Maria W. Chapman.